# A THOUGHT

# For the Forecastle.

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OR

# "HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY

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PHILADELPHIA.
WILLIAM F. GEDDES, PRINTER,
Back of 111 Chestnut St.
1857.

## "I can't be a Christian and go to sea."

Well, sailor, if your excuse is a good one, then, of course it will answer at the Bar of God—what think you, are you willing to risk it? Just prepare yourself to go up yonder to tell the Judge on his Throne, *I am a sailor and of course I was not expected to be a christian.* And for fear you may forget it and therefore be deprived of its comforts in a dying hour, be sure that it is written in large letters in every cabin, on every mast, every sail and in every forecastle, so that it may be read while dying or sinking. Yes, paint it in glowing colors, with death in the back ground deprived of his terrors and the grave robbed of his gloom and hang up the picture at the foot of the bed of every dying sailor. If it is a good excuse that is just the place for it—*there it is* "I went to sea and of course, I was not expected to be a christian,"—the dying man opens his eyes, shivers, reads it, dies. Tell me, sailor, will it answer for that sober moment? If not, it is good for nothing—abandon it at once and forever.

No, sailor, you do not believe it yourself; if you do, O flee from the sea, your soul is worth more than all ships, all commerce! No! there cannot be *any excuse* for any one not being a christian and that too at once—the attempt to make an excuse is itself sin enough to sink to hell the highest angel.

The Sailor, the Merchant, the Politician, the Lawyer the Physician &c., are continually making excuses but they shall perish as the spider's web before the fire of the judgement.

# A THOUGHT
# FOR THE FORECASTLE,
# OR HOME.

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SON OF THE OCEAN:

Let me tell you a few facts.

Not long since, as I was about entering the door of the Mariner's Church, in Water Street, between Chestnut and Walnut, Philadelphia, to give the regular Tuesday evening lecture, a most miserable and pitiable looking young man came up to me and asked me if I could tell him where the play-house was. I said to him, here is a praying house, you had better come in here and we will pray for you; it will not do you any good to go to the Theatre. He did so. My lecture that evening was upon the Prodigal Son. In the course of which, I thus remarked, upon the fact of the prodigal being disgraced in being sent into the field to feed swine, that, so long as a poor fellow in dissipation has money, he will generally be treated with some kind of respect, but when his money is gone, the very persons who have taken it from him, will turn around and drive him away to feed swine

soul!—40,000 die yearly in the United States to fill drunkard's graves; *not one* of them ever expected to, oh no, far from it! With each one of them, *I* was as large and as smart as it is with *you*. They were *all* of as *good resolutions* as you are. Think you that you are stronger than the 40,000? They all talked once exactly as you do now.

Ah, the Bible tells us one truth that is certain, if no more. Prov. 28, 26. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." The only safe way for any of us is to keep away from the tempter altogether, touching him not. You know very well how many banters, flatteries, &c., there are in these rum shops. Do not risk it. Every time you yield and drink a little, your resolution is weakened, until the first you know, you are yourself surprised, as was a poor fellow just the other day, to find it almost or quite gone.

I met a few days ago, a wreck of what was originally a fine specimen of a man. I plead with him, said I to him, first you will know you will be in a drunkard's grave and in a drunkard's hell. "Do you think so?" asked he, tremblingly. "Yes," said I, "haste to make your escape." "Well," with a sigh he uttered it, "I am afraid so, now, for I am sure eighteen months ago I did not think I should ever be found as I am now."

"Keep off," "keep off," as the watching Angel cries, of that rock whereon *so many millions* have been wrecked. You know, or ought to

know, that the currents of life, like many of the currents of the ocean, are *very deceiving*, and if you allow yourself to go into that current which bears toward that awful rock, *you* are just as liable to be wrecked as any one—oh, I do pray you, look out. It is written by the blood of millions upon millions, with pens steeped in the sighs, tears and agonies of countless hosts of our fellow creatures, *beware, beware!* Do not trust yourself. Rum is the beginning of the horrid crawl of that *worm that never dies.* Oh beware!

Now, in order to avoid as much as possible, the temptation of the "wine which looks red in the cup," and which at the last," "stingeth like an adder," let me advise and entreat you that you go to board at the homes provided for you by the Seamen's Friend Society, and other temperance houses. I advise you *as a friend.* I do not keep a home or a temperance house, it will be of no advantage to me in any way, but merely as a friend, a friend of seamen, I advise you, I entreat you. A friend is one who seeketh the happiness and welfare of another. Thus do I seek your happiness, your best interests.

Sailors carry in their bosoms *great* and *noble hearts*, and there is no reason why they should not occupy the first rank in society—*and they shall be in that rank if they will choose it.* Sons of the ocean, respect yourselves, and there is no danger but that the great and good every where will love and honor you! Do not ruin your

great hearts—save them, that around them may be gathered the fervent affections of many loved ones.

Just notice the difference between going to one of these rum holes to board, and to one of the homes (as I will now speak particularly of the homes of the S. F. S., places in which every seaman should take pride that he is so much favored and complimented as to have them provided for him; for, whatever money may be made by those who keep them, if any, the buildings were originally put up and the rooms furnished at the hands of benevolence. Therefore, I say again, every seaman should feel a pride because of them, and take a great interest in them.) The rum seller has no *real respect* for you. He flatters, he compliments, he calls you a clever fellow, &c., but *he is heartless.* It is *impossible* for a man who is engaged in such a body and soul happiness destroying business, to have any *real* respect for his fellow creatures. The direct tendency of the whole business is to destroy every feeling of refinement.

Your *money* is what he is after, and when he gets that he does not care what becomes of you.

Is it not so? Have you not seen enough to prove the assertion? What, for example, do they wish a poor fellow to ship for, after he gets in debt to them? Is it because it will be better for him, because he will be away from temptation and be doing something for himself? No, it is because the *advance money* will discharge their debt, and perhaps treat all around besides.

Have you not seen many a poor fellow beaten and put aboard of a ship, crouching to those monsters like a galley slave? If you have not, happy are you, for I assure you it is often the case. The sailor does not wish to go in that ship; it is perhaps, going where is the yellow fever, or he has some other reason, no difference what; but he is cursed, and told he *must go*—he is in debt, and his creditor (a rum seller,) stands over him with fist elevated and oaths in his mouth, and thus the poor fellow is driven to the ship, or may be first made drunk out of the last dollar of his advance, and while drunk thrown aboard, to awake far from port in disgust to work out like a slave his *dead horse* money, (oh that this advance system was done away, how soon there would be a smashing amongst rum shops—it is the sailors' dead horse money that keeps them alive.) Go not near such places I entreat you, and expose yourself to like treatment.

What do they care for your sighs, or for mourning wives and suffering children? It ought to be written over every one of their doors, yea, the Angel of Death has written it there, "No one here cares a copper for Jack."

Now we see the difference. At the Homes your *real* interests both for time and for eternity are seen to and provided for. Instead of every temptation being offered to cause you to spend your money, you are helped to take care of it. Instead of your being tempted to do those things which injure your health and reputation

—at the Home both are sacredly guarded. You are therein gently restrained to walk in the ways of peace and happiness.

Instead of being in the midst of cursing and swearing and obscenity, and exposed to all kinds of vulgarity, in hearing, seeing and reading, you are at the Homes, where you may hear the voice of prayer and praise, edifying conversation—where are many good books provided for you—where many good persons resort; as for example, the noble Ladies who furnish the rooms and otherwise provide for your comfort—godly ministers who preach therein, and other benevolent noble men in whose atmosphere to be, shall do you good and make you feel better satisfied with yourself than you ever can at those wicked places.

But I need not go on and enumerate the advantages, they are incalculable, even unseen influences are countless which are calculated to make sailors of the noblest of our race, just as they ought to be, and as many of them are already, thank God for the happy fact. Yes, it is admitted on all hands by the good, that the Christian sailor is the model for a whole hearted follower of the Saviour who was and is the model of a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. I say I need not, and I cannot enumerate all the advantages of boarding at the Homes; try them, and you shall see the differences to your after joy and *happiness*.

But allow me here to give you notice, that of course, you will not find all the Homes conducted

in the same manner. You will find, as you find in the hotels of the country, differences. *Occasionally* a home may fall into the hands of a selfish and unaccommodating man, but it can only for a time. If it should be your misfortune to stop with such a one, you must not, therefore, condemn *all.* You would not, if you were traveling over the country and chance to stop at a bad hotel, or several of them, therefore condemn all. You do not, if you fall in with a bad captain, therefore censure all, neither must you in this case. An improper person cannot long be the keeper of a home, for there are too many good persons watching him.

As to the Home in this city, I have only to say, and I say it from the mouths of those who have tried it faithfully, that a reasonable man has only to know it to love it—only to try it once in order to desire to try it again. The sailor who enters therein is indeed *well cared for.*

To its peaceful rest, its well supplied table, and its ever fragrant altar, we earnestly invite you—come and see.

Wanderer, seek yourself a home. Enter where you feel the pleasure of peace and safety, and where you can sweetly record, as you retire to your beds at night, perhaps, far away from your native homes, *some one cares for me.* Yes, enter in where the name of Jesus, the dear One who *indeed cares* for your soul and body, is recorded, and where he is reverenced.

"You would not swear and curse, or like to listen to it "upon a bed of death."

"Reffect! your Maker *now* may stop your breath."

Said a sailor the other day, "many a time has my dear mother bathed my head with her tears." Sailors, will you not remember the dear ones at home! Suppose they could see you, as perhaps some sainted mothers bending from the bright world above do behold you; would they not feel sad and tremble to find you at those ways of sin? But let them see you enter one of these Homes provided for you by the hand of love, and would they not rejoice? Oh, sweet thought there is joy in the presence of the Angels over *one* sinner that repenteth! Who are they that express that joy? Ah, it is the sainted mothers and fathers and friends—the cloud of witnesses who are watching us from the bright land wherein is the home of the blessed.—Walk carefully, I pray you, holy eyes are upon you.

As a *friend*, one who loveth you, soul and body, I entreat you to think of these things now while it is not too late. "We are passing away to the dying and the judgement day," where and when we *shall have to think* of them.

Soon your voyage shall have ended. Then where shall your soul find a home, with the redeemed, or with the *eternally damned?* Oh, I hope you may not know by sorry experience in this life and in the unending hereafter, that the "wages of sin is death." "Avoid," I entreat you, "the very appearance of evil."

I hear a mother's wail coming over the sea

saying unto the good every where, "save my sailor boy, far, far away." Yes, we respond, cease your anxiety, fond mother, we have a home for your boy, where the good shall take him by the hand. Again, I hear that mother's voice, but listen! whence is it? Ah, it is from beyond the ocean of time—it comes on the breezes of the unseen heaven, saying, "thanks unto the good, for they guarded my darling, they pointed him to the Lamb on Calvary, and now he is here with me singing the song of redeeming love."

But listen again, I hear another mother's voice. How sad and mournful it sounds! Oh my sailor boy! he went in the way of transgressors, he played with the wine that is red, and now he is *lost, forever lost!* Oh, the arrow's in my soul, as I hear him agonize for *one* drop of water to cool his burning tongue, and I can give him no relief!"

Again, let me say, dear sailor, for my thoughts run on to the time; and it may be but a little way off; when that dread Angel shall stand, one foot on the land, and the other on the sea, to declare that time shall be no longer.

I hear music, glad music, 'tis the song of the redeemed mingling with the shout of the captain of salvation and the clouds of Angels, his attendants.

But I hear wailing also—what is that?—Alas! alas! it is from the opened graves, and watery beds of those who rejected Christ. The swearer

wails forth, "Oh, that I had never blasphemed my dearest friend!"

The drunkard agonizes, "Oh, that I had believed when the warning voice sounded in my ears!" Alas, I filled a drunkard's grave, and now I must fill a drunkard's hell!"

Dear sailor, when that trying day comes, where shall thy soul appear? I entreat you lay hold upon Christ, who *alone* can give "hope as anchor to the soul."

"Sinners! the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's *destructive* way."

"Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
*Has waited long*—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill."

Your friend in Christ,

J. B. R.

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*January* 17*th*, 1857.

It is now eight months since a second edition of 2000 of this little messenger was issued, which is nearly exhausted, 2000 more is now issued; so many and so various both from sea and land have been the testimonies of its having done good in the reformation of tipplers and drunkards, in the inducing of sailors, who never before would, to go to the Homes to board, and best of all in the religious impressions produced, that another edition is called for.

May the Great Giver of all good, to whom is all the glory for the good it has done, give it a fresh unction.

THE AUTHOR.

# GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190 Cherry St., between Market and Pike Sts, Captain Daniel Tracy.

Mariner's Home, No. 338 Pearl St. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding Houses in New York City.—William Sharp, 271 Water St.; William Huelat, 334, 336 Pearl St.; Peter Oberg, 91 Market St.; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak St.;—Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl St.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle St.

*Home for Colored Seamen*, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Albro Lyons, 1 Vanderwater St.

SANDUSKY—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow Sts., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase St., Jno. O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
" North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 North Square, by Mr. Roberts.
" Richmond House, Richmond St., by Mr. Clark
" John Kennaley, Clark St.
" Murdock Matherson, Fleet St.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine St., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine Sts; and Mrs Greenleaf, Becket St., near Derby St.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs Ann Pearce.

NEW BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle St.

*For Colored Seamen*, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford Sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front Street, by John H. Cassidy, under the care of the Pennsylvania Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Edward Kirby, 65 Thames St.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market St., opposite State St.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson St., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerst, corner of New Levee and Suzette Sts.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, E. W. Flaglor, keeper.

HAVRE, France—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

Scarcely a Port of any importance, but that a Sailor's Home can be found on inquiry.

Sailor, look for yourself, do not take the say so of runners.

MARINER'S CHURCH,

**Water Street, above Walnut, Philadelph**